

LEHIGH BURR



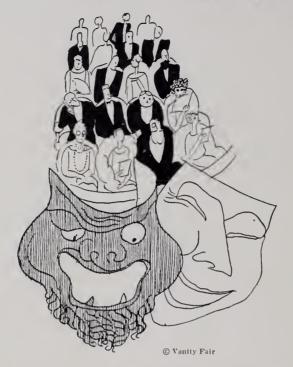
TRAVEL NUMBER

WRITERS

IN

VANITY FAIR

Sherwood Anderson Robert Benchley Heywood Broun Clarence Darrow Theodore Dreiser Corev Ford Gilbert Gabriel Philip Gucdalla Aldous Huxley Walter Lippmann W.O. McGechan Ferenc Molnár Paul Morand George Jean Nathan Arthur Schnitzler Decins Taylor Jim Tully Rebecca West Alexander Woollcott



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Music: Classical, eacophone, saxophone, Personalities and notoricties. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces. Sports: News of racquet and putter, turf and track. By those who lead the field.

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Fashlons: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. Current college preferences.

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Two editors of college magazines went out for a ride. They came to a cross-roads. The road on the left was concrete; the one on the right was gravel. THEY TOOK THE DIRT ROAD!

-Lafayette Lyre.

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Mother Cat: "Tommy, your neck is not clean." Tommy Cat: "I'm sorry, mother. It was merely a slip of the tongue."—Chaparral.

"One seat, well forward in the center downstairs, for to-night's performance. Have you got it?"

"Can you play a fiddle?"—West Point Pointer.

There was a young girl in Madrid
Who said, "No I don't"—but she did.
So need I explain
Why, whenever in Spain
A party was thrown, she was bid?
—Jack-o'-Lantern.

Prof.: "And how do you make a harbor deeper?"
Student: "By putting more water in it."
—Princeton Tiger.



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Liz: "No; what is it?"

Hal: "Moonbeam, Kiss Her for Me."— Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

First Gunman: "Bang!"
Second Gunman: "Bang!"
—Ohio Green Goat.

"H-h-h-hold th-that p-p-pose."
Aunt Delicia (slightly deaf):
"I accept—you darling man!"—
Panther.

Doctor: "Has there ever been any insanity in your family?" Modern Wife: "Well, my husband thinks he's boss."—Record.

Central: "Number, please?"
Student: "I want Blank 4321, and say, get it quick like they do in the movies."—Okla. Whirlwind.

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A Mormon Wedding

Some people wonder what the Mormon wedding ceremony is like. It's something like this:

Preacher (to groom): "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

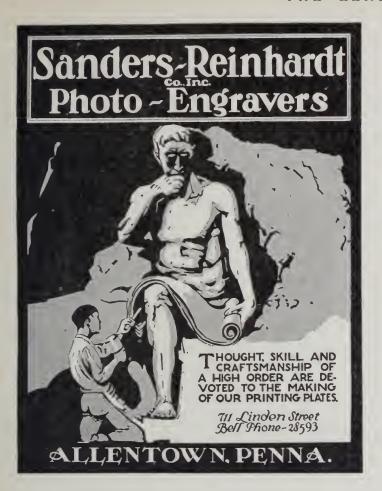
Groom: "I do."

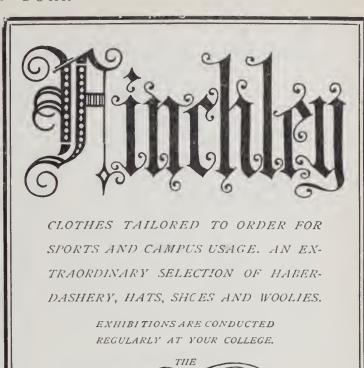
Preacher (to brides): "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Brides: "We do."

Preacher: "Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this."—Judge.

I met her in the garden;
The night was still as death;
I knew she knew her onions,
'Cause she had 'em on her
breath.—Whirlwind.





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Satan: "I can't understand your freezing down here in hell!"

Sinner: "S-say, y-you don't know the w-w-woman that c-c-caused my being here, b-brother, brrrrrrr!"—Ghost.

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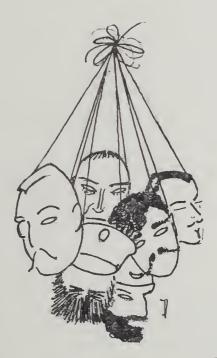
No matter how often I load up and light up, I never tire of good old P.A. Always friendly. Always companionable. P.A. suits my taste. I'll say it does. Take my tip, Fellows, and load up from a tidy red tin.

PRINGE ALBERT

-no other tobacco is like it!



The tidy red tin that's packed with pipe-joy.



The visages I chance upon, In travelling round about, Are often weird and funny And make me laugh and shout.

But I quite suspect these very maps, That cause me quite some glee, Think my face is very odd And laugh like hell at me.





VOL. XXXVIII

MARCH, 1928

NUMBER SIX

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The Editor-in-Chief is responsible for the editorial work and policy. The Business, Advertising, and Circulation Managers are each responsible for their respective departments. All communications should be addressed to the respective department of The Lehigh Burr, Bethlehem, Pa., which they concern. The Lehigh Burr is entered at the Post Office at Bethlehem, Pa., as second class matter.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST.

With pardonable pride Burro presents for your amusement's sake its new adoption to the Business Board.

W. F. Powell

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BYE THE WAY

NOT CENSORIOUS-

Just why this sudden flair for summer travel by the gay collegian? Is it that there is no hang-over to compare to that after drinking one's way through Europe? Is it that nowhere in America can the modern youth find the blatant, glamorous, purple sin that he seems to find in Paris? But, perhaps, we are facetious! Could it be possible that he is after that great European culture he hears so much about?

Burro wonders. For several years he has been regeled with tales of that big night at Zelli's, those wonderful cocktails at Harry's Bar, the endless quantities of beer in Germany, that tremendous brawl in Rome with the fitting climax in the Coliseum, such sweet dates when the groups met in Florence, the great night-life in Vienna, and finally those red-hot parties on the boat. Never having had the advantages of extensive travel, Burro has pondered and meditated over these things until at last a conclusion has been reached.

It must be that our collegian brothers are just in keeping with form. One word about Russia's Volga would make us think he had halitosis; one word about Russia's vodka might make him a campus idol. Imagine, if you can, a college youth, just back from Europe, talking about the Louvre (pronounced Looooo-v) or the Luxombourg with the same facility that he tells about the delights of the Moulin Rouge and the charms of the Ritz Bar. You can't. He would be immediately branded as wrong, all wrong, with nothing sane about him—as an outcast.

Oh well, there's really nothing to get hot and excited about—we rather suppose civilization will continue, regardless of the American student's enjoyment of Europe. Our only hope is that there will be a few parties left when we get over.

SUCH SEDULITY-

We hear talk of globe trotters and professional travellers, and the great mileage records hung up by these people. We are often amazed when we realize the distances travelled by these people and the vast territories covered. Yet the records of the greatest of all globe trotters are insignificant as compared with the areas covered by the mind of the average student in one hour of the average course. In a very short space of time the student's mind speeds hither and thither, over land and water, to the four corners of the earth. And when the great god of slumber, Morpheus, brings the blessing of sleep to the weary mind of the student, the mind traverses strange lands never before visited by globe trotters. Far away through space and water—flitting with angels and mermaids - until rudely aroused by a curt question from a professor, and then the mind finds itself in Hell. We doubt if any globe trotters have ever visited that place.

WE TOO-

Everyone from Will Rogers down to our washwoman has

flung his or her crack (tch, tch!) at Russia, and despite our manifold delinquencies, we guess no one can say we aren't there when the cracks are passed around. And of course, this being a travel number and everything—and oh, yes! about Russia —. Upon entering (checkroom on the left) it is well to discard all the contents of your luggage, and fill it out with the currency of the realm - you'll need it to tip the porter. What you do after that depends on how many more trunks you can buy and fill with the currency which, by the way, we understand is frightfully unstable. and certainly hard to spell, and impossible to pronounce.

After you've escaped from the station, don't think you can go and have your fun. Beware of the two powerful fractions, 1/2 and \(\frac{1}{4} \), or better known as the Whites and the Reds. They haven't really got anything on each other except an ungodly vodka breath, and all they're fighting over, so far as we could learn, is, who's going to make the next set-up, or provide the executive specimens for public target practice. Of course there isn't much to see in Russia anyway. Half the things you would see are forbidden because they may contain the crown jewels, and what is left, besides the Steppes, which are too hard on one's wind, and the suffering Siberians — but one has to make one's self a suffering Siberian even to see them. The main thing that impressed us about Russia wasn't the heat,—it was the stupidity —— or are we?



1898

Boy: "Would you like to go for a little ride, Mary? I brought my bicycle along."

Mary: "Oh! I'd love to. It's wonderful of you to ask me."

1928

Boy: "What do you say to a little spin? I brought my flivver along."

Girl: "What! In that thing? I should say not! What do you think my friends would say?"

Moe Jope says: "I know a belle who in her brainier moments thinks they call it the Holland Tunnel because it is built in the nether lands."

AD NAUSEAM

It seems, no matter where I go,
I always seem to meet the pest
Who greets me with a big "Hello!"
And pokes his finger in my vest;
He always knows the week's worst jokes
And stories rank of ancient lore,
He clears his throat and then he croaks,
"Stop me if you've heard this before."

I've heard them all: I don't mean maybe,
The jokes he tells all start alike,
There's one of Isadore and Abie,—
One concerning Pat and Mike,—
A travelling salesman lost his way
And knocked upon a roadside door—
Invariably they all begin
"Stop me if you've heard this before."

The newlyweds; the country hick,
The henpecked husband and his wife,
The guy who buys his clothes on tick,
The married couple's daily strife.
The two drunks: teachers' brightest boy,
Ham actors: all of these and more,
And still he cries with mad'ning joy,
"Stop me if you've heard this before."

L'envoi

For this some day I'll make him pay, They'll find him wallowing in his gore, But say, I heard a peach to-day, "Stop me if you've heard this before."

Connecticut Yank: "Hast seen the Hickman Show?"

King Arthur: "Get thee hence; but what is it?"

C. Y.: "Good Noose!"

RELIGIOUS?

Soph.: "My girl's very religious."

Junior: "How come?"

Soph.: "I went to see her last night and we were talking about the hereafter and she said, 'I know all about what you're here after'."

In the good old days before prohibition, when every corner in Brooklyn was graced with a pair of swinging doors, it so happened that an old-timer was doing the rounds—taking one drink in each saloon. He was well under the weather when he arrived at "Mikes". Now "Mikes" was in a triangular building and boasted three doors—one on each of the sides and the third in the front. The old boy went in the first door and up to the bar and said, "Gimme a drink."

The bar-tender looked him over and replied, "Get outa here, you've had too much now."

Our friend left, came to the front door, and thinking it a different saloon entered. He went to the bar and asked for a drink. The bar-tender becoming angry shoved him out the door and started to close up, but the old boy more bewildered than ever, happened to find the door on the other side. He entered, went to the bar, recognized the owner and quite put-out cried, "What the h——, do you own every saloon in Brooklyn?"

When a cop looks down your way, And you've nothing else to say, Just be quick and save the day By "TRAVELING".

Peculiar now, but here's the balk, A girl was going down the walk, After her I thence did stalk, Alone I wanted to her to talk, "Traveling?"

Strange it is how one stray word Makes all the difference in the world, She socked me then—it seems absurd, And now I'm flying like a bird, Just "Traveling".

In contrast to the saying, "There is one born every minute," Chicago says, "There is one killed every minute." That kind of evens things up.

Prof: "How much is 2 subtracted from 4?"

Yale: "2."

Prof: "What's the difference between 3 and 5?"

Yale: "Same difference, same difference!"



"BOILED HAM"

Prehistoric Man (to neighbor): "Don't get so damn clubby with me."

STUDENT'S REVERIE

Oh! I've been wont to travel O'er this land, and then abroad, To see the sights of wonder, And foreign people, odd.

l'd like to climb high mountains, And bask in southern seas; To cycle over Europe, And lunch on rare Swiss cheese.

But I'll never get to travel, No matter how I fuss, 'Cause I shan't get out of college 'Til I pass calculus.



Travelling Salesman: "Can you put me up for the night?"

Farmer: "I reckon I kin, seein' as we have an extry bed-room."

T. S.: "I never have any luck!"

COMING HOME WEAK Act I.

Time—5:00 A. M. Place—Any Dormitory. Characters: Senior, Companions, Collegiate Ford, Door-Mat, and Steps.

Scene 1

(Senior is carried to door by well-wishing companions)

Senior: —

"Farewell, farewell to you I say,
Haste ye now and hit the hay.
You southern moon will give thee light,
Merry gentlemen, good-night."

Companions: —

"O merry Sir, your plight is sad, But not surprising; the beer you had Would be enuf to sink a ship, Yoo-hoo, for we must homeward rip." Ford (starting after considerable persuasion):—

"Squeak — groan — hiss, hiss, hiss,
These spark-plugs of a truth do miss.
Should I play a dirty trick,
And let this whole darn party stick?"

Companions (overhearing): —

"Oh, we beg thee, mule of steel, Strain every sinew, spring, and wheel, Play the game square and clean, Do not expose us to the Dean."

Ford (to driver):—

"All right, all right, you silly ass, Let's go faster; gimme more gas."

(They reach top of hill where scene changes)

Scene 2 Outside Dorm door.

Door-Mat: -

"Yoho, look at the jolly bounder, He like a sunken ship doth flounder; Compared to him, if I do say 't, The Tower of Pisa sure looks straight."

Senior: —

"Cease that joking, lowly door-mat;
Take that, and that, and that,"
(He jumps on door-mat)

Door-Mat: -

"I meant not to insinuate
That thou art not a goodly skate;
Now's the time for some technique,
Take off your shoes — avoid the squeak."

Senior: -

"I have no need for thine sixpence,
I know full well from experience;
Thy brain has always had a cramp on,
Good for naught but to tramp on."

(Here Senior steps on door-mat in his stocking feet. Door-mat passes out, thus upsetting Senior)

Scene 3 Going up steps.

Next to Last Step: —

"Yonder on the faint horizon, What is it I cast mine eyes on? It looketh like the old grey mare, Roller-skating up the stair."

Senior: -

"If it were not so doggone dark,
I'd see which one of you doth bark;
I'd slam you in the epizoodix,
Condemn your soul ————."
(Here Senior is penalized two steps)

Next to Last Step: -

"Yoho, my jolly brother, stoop,
Thou sure didst send him for a loop."
(All laugh except Senior)

Senior: -

"Ding bust you all, confound your hide, I'll use the fire-escape outside."

Next to Last Step: -

"Boo-hoo, my goose is surely cooked, From my good trick I'm surely rooked. Get him next time tho—golblast; I'll make him think that I'm the last."

Act II. Scene 1

Several days later. Same Dorm.

Senior (now sober): —

"My college days are shot, alas—
That ever this should come to pass.
I'm ordered outsky by the Dean,
Confound his dusty, bald, old bean.
My years will joyous be, and yet
This small affair I do regret.
I've been thrown from better places,
Accompanied by fists, and bricks, and vases.
But hurry now, and no delay,
I must be gone—on my way."
(Goes down steps)

Next to Last Step: -

"Alack-a-day, has't come to this now?
Thou art out for good, I trow.
I have not courage to do thee dirt,
For 'twould my lowly conscience hurt.
Farewell, farewell, tread firmly on me,
'Tis the last time I see thee."

Senior: -

"Truly thou hast served me well, Wear on, and on—farewell." (Senior goes out door)

Door-Mat: —

"Alas, blithe spirit, I knew thee well.

How my bosom used to swell,

To greet thy goodly number eight,

When thou camest home, early or late.

Only once I did thee wrong,
But your feet, unduly strong,
Gave rank offense, e'en unto me,
So I passed out, upsetting thee.
Forgive, forget, farewell — no more,
I'll see thy shadow dark my door."

Senior: -

"Farewell, be worthy of Lehigh's name, Would that I too could here remain."

THE TALE OF A COUNTRY MAID

She was only a simple country maid, But the slicker done 'er wrong. He left 'er — he'd come back, he said, But he stayed away too long.

MORAL: DON'T!

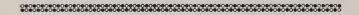


"Name your weapons, Brother Guzman!"
"Gimlets at ten paces, Brother Diego, and we'll
bore each other to death!"

Most engineering students think that the Elastic Limit is the height to which "they" roll 'em. We know from Physics that this same Elastic Limit cannot be passed without serious results.

Tar One: "If a ship was manned by women, would the first and second mates be called missmates?"

Feather Two: "No, but the sailors would probably answer to the name of saltines!"





SOCIALLY OSTRACISED

The man who dared to offer the opera singer a cigarette other than a Lucky.

STEPPING

I've travelled the whole world over From Main to Timbucktue, I've seen the fancy steppers And have stepped with more than few.

I've travelled far, I've travelled wide, Around the world or more, I've capered 'round thru many a town Until my dogs were sore.

I've danced with Irene Castle
To the tune of Mary Lou,
And strutted keen with the Spanish Queen
And give that girl her due.

And far away in Zulu lands
Those brown girls stepped with me,
And what I seen them gals was mean
And shook a wicked knee.

The Scotch are tight I've heard it said And to their pennies cling, But they loosened up when I went up To teach the highland fling.

Now I've travelled far and travelled wide And do not mean to brag, I'll drink my gin and shake my shin But I won't do the Varsity Drag.

Travel: What the college boy does when he can get enough money from

Papa: An older male often sugar-coated and sought after by the

Sweet Young Things: Anything that wears skirts and is between the ages of eighteen and

Forty-Five: The average quiz grade of the average

College Boy: One who spends half of his time on week-ends and the other half drinking

Beer: That delightful liquid so easily consumed and found in Heidelberg and in

Bethlehem: A wonderful place to start one's travels.

"They turn them loose on the streets."

[&]quot;What do mothers do with bad little boys?"

[&]quot;They sell them to the Bugaboo man."

[&]quot;What do mothers do with bad little girls?"

GRIMEY'S FAIRY TALE

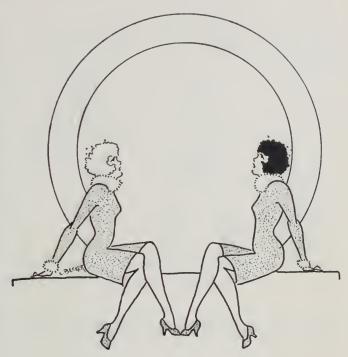
"Lemme see," said Ole Pop Grimey, peeping way back long ago when the free lunch WAS free,
—"what'll I warble tonite?" "A fairy story!
A fairy story!" yipped up seventeen little devils in unison—and so he started:

"Oncet upon a time there was a little barmaid named Mary but her usual handle was Bar-rag on account of she was so wet all in one breath. Little Bar-rag wasn't a bad looker not by a damsite but she never got a chance to show it while she was crawling behind the bar scraping off the foam and licking the salt off the pretzles and whatnot — I KNOW THEY DONT KEEP SALT ON A WHATNOT AND NOW SHUT UP!—and doing other simple tasks—odd jobs if you will—and making herself generally useful stop. She was always miss-treated so to speak and if the beer was lumpy for instance she got it in the neck for instance too and if the cuspidor was dirty and she tried to stand up for herself when they bawled her out she always put her foot in it and thats plenty for one sentence. But one day a good fairy comes in and let me tell you these here now good fairies are scarce nowadays Ive been trying to find one ten years come Yom Kippur but to get to the story this fairy leans over the bar and trills in Marys ear 'I thay thweet one do you wanta get rid of thothe fly thpeckth on the mirruh?' and when she said yes he whispered something toher. And now she rides around in a big ford limmyzine how did she make her cash you ask why easy all she did was to get some cream cheese and mix peanut butter with it to make the cheese more binding and when she fed it to the flies why there was no more flyspecks and then she sold her invention to the Bar-keep's Union. Thats what the Good Fairytold her and thats how she made her millions all of which goes to show that Good Fairies have more than one use in this world. Gumbye kiddies I'll see you next week!"

"I hear that the girls are matching their dresses with their stockings now."

"Oh yes, but I hear some don't wear stockings any more."

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on St. Peter's Gate): "C'mon, open up here or I'll throw the whole Frat out."



"See that fellow over there? He'll soon be a millionaire."

"Yah? How come?"

"He just had Boston suppress one of his books."

WOMEN

With pearly teeth and laughing eyes They beg for the best in man Then taking all within their call They offer a cold, cold hand.

Their passions are great as a broken dam

They live for a moment of love

Then recoiling with fright from the man or the

night

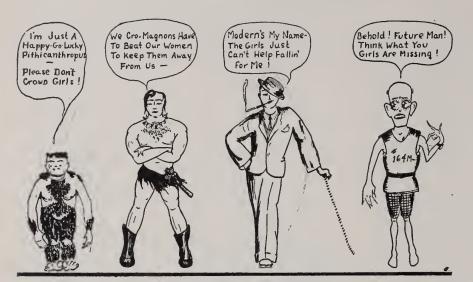
They act as a wounded dove.

It was all a mistake that extra rib
The Lord should have made them from spools
Or in place of their names should have given them
brains

The half-witted poor damned fools.

Two Jews, meeting in a bar-room, were overjoyed at seeing each other, and after long handshaking one said, "You know, Abie, I vas married yesterday to Rebeca Finesilver."

"Vy, Ikey! Oy vat I know about dat woman!"
"Two beers, bar-tender, a friend of the wife's."



TRAVEL THRU THE AGES AND -

"You have been travelling in America, haven't you?"

"Yes, I travelled all over this continent including New York State."

Oh, bright red hanky,
Perfumed and swanky,
Little blob of color
That cheers a feller,
You matched a dress
I really must confess,
Once inspired me,
Though a bachelor free.
My mind is now rent,
Whether you represent
Friendship or LOVE.

"Say, did you hear of the new Math course?"

"No!"

"They put the answers on the board and tell you to make up the problem."

GENDERS

Lions — Lionesses
Tigers — Tigresses
Bears — ____?

THE BENEFITS OF TRAVEL

See, the scenery. Enjoy the scenery. Indulge in the scenery. Drink the scenery.

1850 Lover: "Dearest, I'd lay down my life for one smile from you."

Modern Girl: "Cut out the mush and let's see some action."

"OUT, BASE KNAVE!" shouted the Knight of the Cut Glass Test Tube — "thou hast turned all my red litmus blue!"

George: "Why didn't Bob speak to you last nite at the Prom?"

Georgette: "Well, you see, he was too drunk for words!"

MICROCOSM

Summer has passed and Spring is not yet come With roses overblown on the hillside.

Marie, her name is, Blue-eyed and golden-haired, And pink birds sing in the distance.

Gold fire shines thru the mist, Seeping thru silver fog And making a fairy land of chaos.

Roses that shine in incense Flung into flame-tinted braziers Cutting the haze with odor.

My roses burn in the gold fire All but the sweetest, And it is always Spring in Paradise.

She talks—and the fog wreaths part
To let thru silver chimes,
Marie, I love you.

After you have flunked out of every school in the country and you're at the end of your string, about to enter Lafayette, — BE NONCHALANT***—LIGHT A MURAD.

I CAME, SHE SAW, SHE CONQUERED

You may be French, You little wench; But I've got a quizz That will keep me biz. No!—Oh!—Weeell—Yes!

Anne Laurie: "Say, it's twelve o'clock, do you think you can stay here all night?"

Pat: "Well, I'll have to telephone Mother first."

I saw a girl the other day, Maybe her name was May. She strangely attracted me, Like many other girls I see. I wonder what would happen, If instead of silk and satin —

Gee! Adam was the lucky guy!

That modern trite expression: "Well, now that we have separated the men from the boys*—."

THE FIVE STEPS OF THE SOCIAL LADDER

- 1. Ceremony
- 2. Testimony
- 3. Matrimony
- 4. Patrimony
- 5. Alimony

Carbon Hair plus Bromine Eyes (with phosphorous glints) plus Lips of Copper (with Gold catalytic agent) plus Heat (lots of it) yields a chemist's memory of last night's date.

TRAGIC

At a recent meeting of the American Institute of Collectors. before a distinguished gathering of pick-pockets, garbage men, and street cleaners, a paper was read. In fact, lots of papers were read, and even magazines. Mr. Alfalfa Derwent electrified his audience with a brilliant work on collecting old light bulbs. He showed a number of things including his latest gold filling and his prize 1000-watt (no one knew) bulb. The latter came from the detective bureau where they're so much in the dark they never missed it.

The whole idea in collecting, Mr. Derwent exaggerated, is to find a choice bulb, break down its resistance, and lead it away on the leash. The latter is simple, for bulbs have great conductivity. They're easier to lead than the two of clubs. Finding the light is just as simple. Pretend you're a cat in an alley, and

lots of things will light up. Now comes the most delicate part that of breaking down the resistance in ohms or the filament (the soul) of the bulb. Have the orchestra play sad, sad music with a bassoon accompaniment, and the filament will break down with convulsions and diesympathetic vibration. What happens next is not known, as just at this point, Mr. Derwent was severely bitten by his prize specimen and passed out in record time. He was put in the bucket and hauled out to the city dump by several brother white wings.

> Her: Love is blind Love is told Love is impressing Love is bold.

DEVELOPMENT

Hel He He

He

Frosh: He

Upper Classman: Ha Ha Ha!

Alumnus: Ho

Ho Но

Ho!

The days have gone when love and song

And knighthood were in flower. The man to-day is the man who can sav

That bootlegging is his power.



LES VOYAGENOS

Moonlight on waters — and silence, Soft on the crest of the wavelets Rides our small barge, For it is evening — and silent.

Murmuring noises — and silence, Wash of the ripples on reeds, And the call of the night bird afar in the pur-And paleness — and silence. [ple distance,

The barge is black — and silent, The helmsman is dumb and deaf, And he moves but seldom; He knows nothing — is silent.

She, with the brown hair — in silence Lies in my arms, her soft head Reclines at an angle of thirty-seven degrees On my shoulder. We kiss — in silence.

She clasps her hands tighter — in silence, The night bird calls again — The moon journeys across the sky to her home, And we float on to Camelot — in silence.

An old darkey had just subscribed to some stock in the Texas Whale Oil Co. In a few days the collector appeared for a payment. The old colored man was greatly surprised and said, "But that salesman said de stock is gonna pay for herself."

Ah, you do love me,
This I know,
Said she so quietly.
And tell me then,
How so,
He asked politely.

A PEKINESE AT THE FRONT DOOR

I'd like to know what they think I been sitting here for an hour for. Come on you sap let me out. I'm no different from any other dog except that the mistress was fool enough to pay fifty smacks for me. O boy just let me get out and see what happens to this pink ribbon. I'll make it look like a Maypole on a wet day.

He says he thinks I want to go out. Sure I do you bone head why don't you do something about it? O is zat so? She thinks I might get into trouble with those rough dogs. Well old girl if

you don't let me out pretty quick there is going to be trouble and lots of it. I'll be a gentleman just so long. If I do get out I might as well make a night of it. I haven't had a flea in so long I wouldn't recognize one. Tough when you haven't anything to scratch. Think I'll bark a couple of times and see if that will help.

Don't you kick me you big tramp. You just wait till I find one of your shoes lying around, I'll fix you. I'll give you just two more minutes to open the door and if you don't do it then, well, don't say I didn't warn you.



"Don't hold me tight!"
"Who's tight!"

BALLADES OF THE FRATERNITY HOUSE

THE FLUNK-OUT

Now, I've spent five years in college
In the vague pursuit of knowlege
That's a secondary matter, though, you see!
But the Dean doesn't understand me
And, in a way most underhand, he
Has flunked me from his university.
So good-bye beer and wimmen—
In tears my eyes are swimmin'—
For now I'm thru with sinnin'
And the university, oh the Dean and all his
cronies in this university!

I'll go into the cold world,
That most hard-hearted, cold world,
And start to make my livin' with a conscience
bold and free.
Some day I'll make my money
And revenge will taste like honey—
For I'll buy this blasted university!
Then I'll give the Dean his papers
And make him stop his capers;
For I'll fire him out, bejabers,
From this university——oh, the
Blasted

Bloomin'

Sweat-box

The university!

"About what is the number of students at your college?"

"About the bar, I guess."

SALOME

I wish I had a home with my Salome.
To see Salome I'm roaming home;
For my Salome, I'd ditch Naome,
And leave her flat and go to Rome.
Salome, my own Salome, for you I moan,
Naught's at home within my dome.
Oh, my Salome! do please come home,
My hair to comb at home in Rome.
I'm roaming 'round this loam for you, Salome,
A happy home with my Salome in Rome.



"Whatcha smokin', brother?"
"Old Mold, son, Old Mold."

Suppose this little rhyme I write Should never get in print; The joke's on you, dear reader, 'Cause you'll never know of it.

But suppose this little rhyme of mine In print you chance to see, there, Just say to yourself, that dam fool—Well, it should never be there.

"Hear about poor Bill?"

"No - what happened?"

"Why, his heart was giving him trouble, so he went to the doctor to have it stopped."

Parties are changing rapidly. They used to sing "How Dry I Am," now they sing "Oh, Say, Can You See."

ONCE MORE

We "choose" to please our dear old dean,
And refrain, for once, from things obscene.
As for things he terms lascivious —
Nay, — to such we'll be oblivious.

But wait! Why his bold inquisition?
Whence emanateth his disquisition
On our humble little comic paper?
Does he deem that a subtle caper?

Did he write humorous articles, ever,
In a mode approved by the Christian Endeavor?
Perhaps he did, at an earlier time,
When one didn't dare express his mind.

Now, why these shackles and damned conventions Which place false meanings on harmless intentions?

Is it crime to discuss, in a lighter vein, The truth which governs this vast domain?

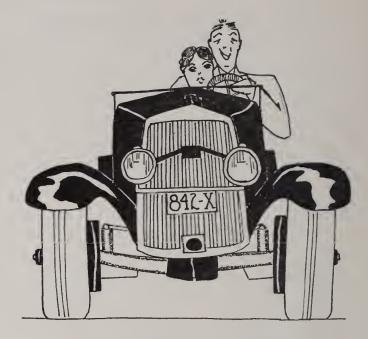
A joke pertaining to the sexual question Need not unbalance us in that direction; For, anyone who in that way is weak Is not going to strengthen it by being meek.

Temperate in all things,—not too dogmatic,
Not too narrow, too dull, too ecstatic,—
Dwells the ideal youth of to-day.
Is that retrogression in any way?

We've got to be liberal and broaden our vision, In direct contrast to scorn and derision. The ancient Greek motto was "Know thyself"; We've gone them one better: "Be thyself".



TRAVEL NUMBERS



THE ETERNAL TRY-ANGLE

"Don't get so fresh!"
"Aw, please!"
"No!"

A BEDTIME STORY IN CHICAGO

Now children, it happened on a stormy night in March. The wind moaned through the trees and the dark clouds scudded across the pale moon. The dim light of the stars aided only in accentuating the surrounding gloom. In a nut-shell—it was a beautiful night for a murder.

Little Red Riding Hood was on her way to her Granny's. It was necessary for her to go through a deep black forest. In the middle of which there was an old cemetery. This cemetery had a bad name because of the groans, wails and shricks that had at times been heard there.

As our little ill-fated heroine passed this gruesome place, twenty snarling wolves jumped out at her. She shrieked and yelled, but no help came, and the foul fiends torn her from limb to limb. She, or at least parts of her, were found next morning floating in a pool of thick blood.

Now children, you must get to bed, and if you promise to sleep sound as a bug-in-a-shroud, to-morrow I'll teach you five different ways to kill a man.

MEMORIES

Now that you're so far away from me And your kisses but thrilling memories, My heart aches. My arms long to hold you Again as they did on that one seraphic Night when first I held you close to me. Can I e'er forget that lonely spot, so Cool and quiet, lit by twinkling stars and flashing Fireflies, where the wind sighed softly in the Treetops to the rushing waterfall below, as we Kissed? And I know that I was not the first— That others, more impassioned, more experienced, Than I, had loved you — had kissed those Same two lips that now were mine. But as You threw your arms about my neck and held Your lips to mine, I knew, too, that they Were forgotten. And, in the wee small hours, as We lingered in one last passionate embrace, I Knew you loved me. And I will not forget.

But now, that you're so far away from me And your kisses but thrilling memories, My heart aches when I think that even now I May be forgotten, as the others were. But, though I never hold you in my arms again — I —— will not forget.

Modern Son: "Pop, what did you tell your girl when you wanted to park?"

Father: "I told her the horse had to get his second wind."

Son: "How many winds did your horse have?" Father: "Th——Son, how dare you?"

INTELLIGENCE TEST FOR FRESHMEN

- 1.—Who wrote "Down the Lehigh Valley," and how?
- 2.—What color were Pharo's white horses?
- 3.—What made Oscar Wilde?
- 4.—Who won the Dempsy-Tunney fight?
- 5.—How high is up?
- 6.—Which came first, the chicken or the egg?
- 7.—Give the technical name for a lion running around the earth halfway between two Polishmen.
- 8.—Who said, "Vot iss loss, Paul?"?
- 9.—Who said, "Take all you can get, but don't give a damn cent"?
- 10.—Who caused the downfall of man?



Stewed: "I hear John was shot in the back."

Prunes: "I heard he was shot in the side."

Stewed: "Well, it's the same thing in the end."

ANSWERS

(Submitted by Freshman with sighest score)

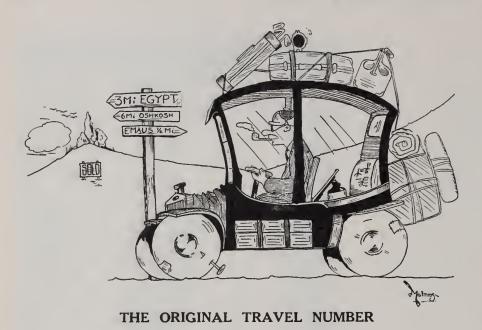
- 1.—Charles M. McConn.
- 2.—Black.
- 3.—Probation Rules.
- 4.—Tex Rickard.
- 5.—Yes.
- 6.—No.
- 7.—Equator.
- 8.—Bob Young.
- 9.—Jack Petriken.
- 10.—Woman.

Who knows a man named Israel McSnick, Who picks his teeth with a gold-studded pick?

'Tis sad to relate

What a horrible state

When he swallows his teeth and his pick in one lick.



THIRD ATTEMPT AT POETRY BY LITTLE TONY AGED 4¾ YEARS

I love to day-dream
All day long
Of love and likker,
Dance and song;
To dream away
My life each day
Would be quite fine,
Except, I say,
When education's
Harsh demands
Cause me to stop
My dream disbands.

"Isn't he dumb? — Why, he thinks 'eroticism' means a new kind of religion. Anyone knows it's a cuss word."

THE PRISONER'S SONG IN ONE SHOVEL FULL

Time—Monday afternoon. Place—Hyphen Hall. Characters — Professorio, Joe Zilch (Sophomore soloist), and Students.

Professorio: -

"Gentlemen, give me attention
Whil'st the roll we give some mention.
Smith and Jones and S. McGreggor —
Here not yes, you dirty beggar—,
Simpkins, Brown, and L. McCarty —
'Ere! This ain't no birthday party —,
Miller, Zilch, and J. K. Dulligan —
Where the 'ell is this guy Mulligan? —.
This problem's due at half-past eight,
There'll be no credit if it's late,
So exercise those heads of rock,
And no one leaves 'til four o'clock."

Chorus of students: —

"Hey! Hey! Professio!
We'll amputate your gabbio!
To 'ell with this darn business,
The bane of our existence,—
Hey! Hey! Professio!"

Joe Zilch (Sophomore soloist) laments his fate: —

"Tell me, Lord, I do not know,
Why must I accountio?
Would'st I was an engineer
On a field trip drinking—(censored),
Or a fireman, or a cop,—
Anything that I am not.
Please take me from this atmosphere
That fills the student's heart with fear.
(Change tempo)

If I had hoofs like a gray mule, I'd kick this prof from his high stool; Then I would jump through a window Of this room that is close as an igloo, And no more hear the dread spouting Of this darned prof of accounting."

Chorus of tutored ones: -

"Hey! Hey! Studentio!
Who suffereth from accountio!
With grief we all lamentia
The state of your dementia,
Hey! Hey! Studentio!"

Grand finally: —

"This gol-darned accountio!
It aggravates our goutio!
It galls us and it gripes,
And it causes sleepless nights,
This gol-darned accountio!"



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SATURDAY NIGHT DANCES Rainbow Room

E. D. Fowler, Mgr.

Housewife (interviewing new maid): "And have you ever been parlormaid?"

New Maid (coyly): "No, mum. But that's the only place I haven't."—Lyre.

He and she had left the big touring car and had been walking through the moonlit forest.

"Gosh," he said, "the ground's damp!"

"Oh, go take a back seat," was her quick rejoinder.—Lyre.

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FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS

C. M. McCONN, DEAN

Lehigh University Bethlehem, Pa.

Cow: "What is a flapper?"

Boy: "A girl who sows her wild oats on Saturday night and then goes to church on Sunday and prays for a crop failure."—Whirlwind.

Reporter: "Miss Ederle, to what do you attribute your success?"

Trudy: "To the fact that I directed my thought in the right channels."—Punch Bowl.

"Bob told me I was the eighth wonder of the world."

"What did you say?"

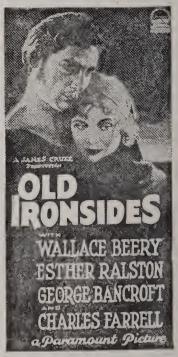
"Told him not to let me catch him with any of the other seven."—Everybody's Weekly.

Visitor (at fraternity): "You boys must have a lovely time here all together."

Brother: "Ya-a-a-s. Just like a great big congenial poor farm."
—Puppet.

COLONIAL Week of March 19th

Regular Prices



Two-fisted fighting men take time for love and laughter. Rollicking songs beat time to the swelling waves and laughter cuts the powder smoke.



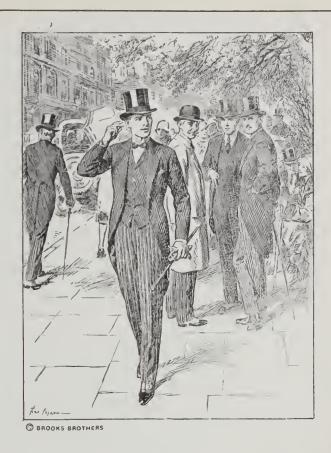
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--:---

Tourist's Guide: "We are now passing the oldest rum house in England."

Tourist: "Why?"—Drexerd.

Her: "I don't know whether to buy a brass or a mahogany bed."

Him of the Coat: "Lady, you can't go wrong on a brass bed."

She took the mahogany one.

—Lvre.

Hey, Joe!

First Black Cat: "Hey, don't let that college boy cross our path. It's bad luck!"— Cornell Widow.

Mazie: "And was your sugar papa good to you last night?"

Virginia: "Now Mazie, you know I hate to talk shop."

—Chaparral.

An Alarming Idea

Aunt Hilda, after a brief survey of the college comic, looked up at her nephew with a horrified expression of wonder.

"Aren't you afraid," she asked, "that young ladies will read these papers?"—Jack o' Lantern

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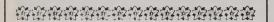
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Pope: "The Lord and I know it, you may go."

P. C.: "You and the Lord are two wise guvs-it is four o'clock and raining like hell."- Buccaneer.

"See the pretty girl? She's the gas man's daughter."

"Gee, I'd like to meter." -Georgia Cracker.

"That rooster is the cockiest thing I've ever seen."

"Is that right? He used to be a good egg."—Ohio Green Goat.

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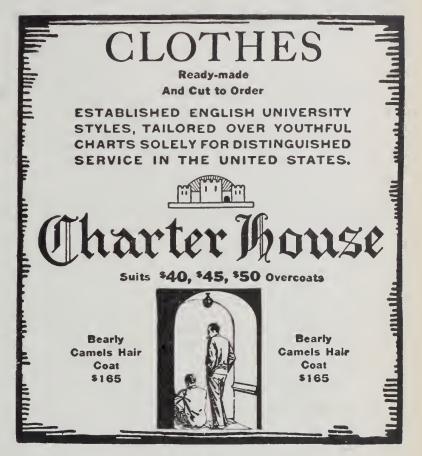
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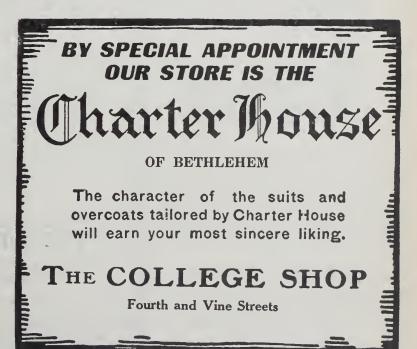
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